

Down Myself

Brand New Sin

Surviving on raindrops
And the crusts of bread
Sleeping on the sidewalk
Hoodie hung over my head

I've been returning bottles
Hit a run of bad road

I've got no money to drink with
I need serious help
Enough of me, how have you been?
I have been down myself.

Freezing and homeless
And dreading my deeds
Walking pneumonia
Holes in my shoes and my jeans

I've got this crumpled up newspaper pillow
I won't be bouncing back from this bender.

How did it come to this?
Down and out for the rest of my days

It's cause I'm disinterested and lazy and high
And I ain't never gonna change.